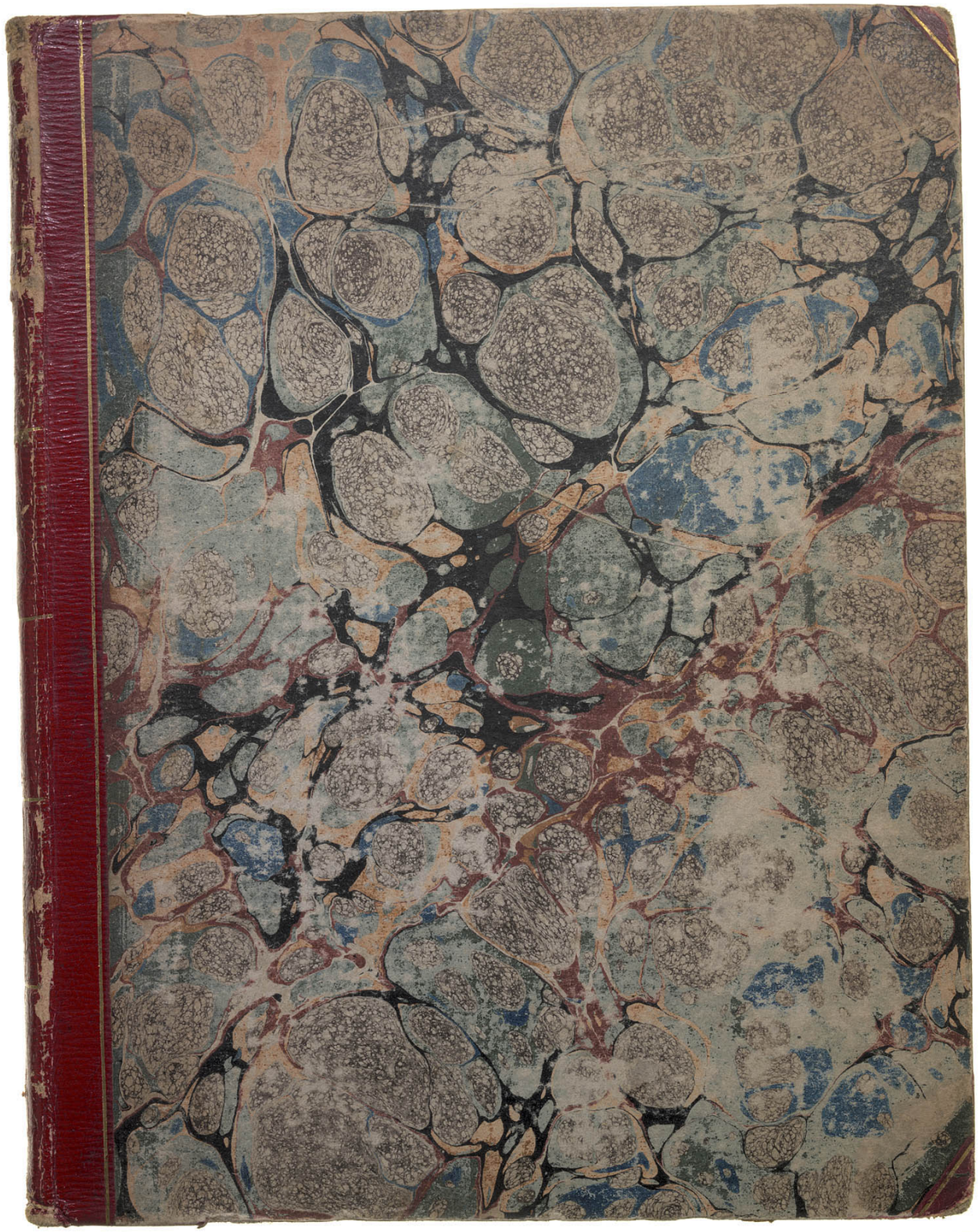

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Johannes Patricius
Drichton Stuart
Marchio Bothæ.

House of Falkland.

at Stevens Sale.

E.F. U 1279 ——— The most excellent *Historie* of the *Merchant of Venice*, with the *extreame crueltie* of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, in *cutting a just pound of his flesh*: and the obtayning of Portia by the *choyse of three chests*, as acted by the *Lord Chamberlaine his Servants*, FIRST EDIT. *inlaid on large paper*, 4to *at London printed by J. Roberts*, 1600

N. B. *With the Autograph of L. Theobald, and carefully collated by him with the other edit. of the same date* ——— *printed by J. Roberts*

Uw 1280 ——— The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice, with the *extreme Cruelty* of Shylocke the Jew, FIRST EDIT. 4to *inlaid on large paper printed by J. Roberts* 1600

494

Bartlett 610

Carefully collated wth the other Edition of the same Date, printed by I. Roberts. L: Theobald.

The most excellent Historie of the *Merchant of Venice*.

With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia*, by the choyse of three chests. Caskets.

As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

Geo. Steevens.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *I. R.* for Thomas Heyes,
and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon.
1600.

Printed by I. Roberts, 1600.

Persons represented

Duke of Venice
Prince of Morocco } Suitors to Portia
Prince of Aragon }
Antonio The Merchant of Venice
Bassanio his friend
Salanio }
Salarino } friends to Antonio and Bassanio
Gratiano }
Lorenzo in Love with Iessica
Shylock a Iew
Tubal a Iew his friend
Launcelot Gobbo ~~father to~~ a Clown Servant to Shylock
Old Gobbo father to Lãcelot
* Salerio a Messenger from Venice
Leonardo servant to Bassanio
Balthazar } Servants to Portia.
Stephano }

Portia. a rich heire
Nerissa her waiting maid
Iessica Daughter to Shylock.

* This character is written in the Per. Dram. The name appears in the first folio.

The comicall History of the Merchant of Venice.

Enter *Anthonio, Salaryno,* and *Salanio.*

An. IN sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne, off of
I am to learne: and such a want-wit sadnes
makes of mee,
That I haue much adoe to know my selfe.

Salarino. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portlie sayle,
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That curtsie to them, do them reuerence
As they flie by them with their wouen wings.
Salanio. Beleeue mee sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse, to know where sits the wind,
Piring in Maps, for ports, and peers and rodes: for
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Mis-fortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
would blow me to an ague, when I thought
what harme a winde too great might doe at sea. at Sea, might do. 1. Folio. might do at Sea
I should not see the sandie howre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallowes, and of flatts,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,

Piering

Vayling

Vayling her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
vvhich touching but my gentle vessels side,
vvould scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes;
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.
Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.
Sola. Why then you are in loue.
Anth. Fie, fie.
Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath framd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bagpyper.
And other of such vinigar aspect,
That they'l not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Lorenso*, and *Gratiano*.

Sola. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenso*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.
Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.
Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shal we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Sal. Weele make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.
Bass. I will not faile you.
Grat. You looke not well signior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much respect vpon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my hart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies,
By being peeuish? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men whose visages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And doe a wilful stilnes entertaine,
With purpose to be dresst in an opinion
Of wisedome, grauitie, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke:
O my *Anthonio*, I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise

For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares,
which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baite
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenso*, faryewell a while, farwell
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.
Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me speake.
Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeeres moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.
An. Far ~~yeu~~ well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.
Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neates tongue dried, and a mayde not vendable. *Exeunt.*
An. It is that any thing now.
Bass. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any
man in all Venice, his reasons are as two graines of wheate hid in
two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them,
and when you haue them, they are not worth the search.
An. VVell; tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secrete pilgrimage,
That you to-day promisd to tell me of.
Bass. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*,
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port,
Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
vvherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*,
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Bassanio*, let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
vvithin the eye of honour, be assurd assured
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occasions.
Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfe-same flight
The selfe-same way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both: I vrge this child-hood proose,
Because what followes, is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
vvhich you did shoote the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard back againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.
An. You know me well, and heerein spend but time
To wind about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe me now more wrong,
In making question of my vttermost,
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me, what I should doe,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.
Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receaue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*; nothing vndervallewd vnder-valew'd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
vvhich makes her seat of *Belmont*, *Colchos* strond,

And many *Iasons* come in queſt of her. *comes*
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde preſages me ſuch thrift
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.
Anth. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither haue I money, nor commoditie,
To raiſe a preſent ſumme, therefore goe forth
Try what my credite can in Venice doe,
That ſhall be rackt euen to the vttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe preſently enquire, and ſo will I
vvhere money is, and I no queſtion make
To haue it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia* with her wayting woman *Nerriſſa*.

Portia. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is awearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſicke that ſurfeite with too much, as they that ſtarue with nothing; it is no meane happines, therfore to be ſeated in the meane, ſuperfluitie comes ſooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer. *Surfet*

Portia. Good ſentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do, were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages, Princes Pallaces; it is a good diuine that followes his owne inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twentie what were good to be done, then to be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuiſe lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, ſuch a hare is madnes the youth, to skippe ore the meſhes of good counſaile the cripple; but this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe mee a husband; ô mee the word chooſe, I may neyther chooſe who I would, nor refuſe who I diſlike, ſo is the will of a lyuing daughter curbd by the will of a deade father: is it not harde *O me*

Nerriſſa,

Nerriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none.

Ner. Your Father was euer vertuous, and holy men at theyr death haue good inſpirations, therefore the lottrie that he hath deuiſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſiluer, and leade, whereof who chooſes his meaning chooſes you, will no doubt neuer be choſen by any rightlie, but one who you ſhall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towardes any of theſe Princelie ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription, leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neapolitane Prince.

Por. I thats a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, & he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelfe: I am much afeard my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, & you will not haue me, chooſe; he heares merry tales and ſmiles not, I feare hee will prooue the weeping Philoſopher when hee growes old, beeing ſo full of vnmannerly ſadnes in his youth,) I had rather be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to eyther of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Mounſier *Le Boune*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I knowe it is a ſinne to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horſe better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Traſſell ſing, he falls ſtraight a capring, he will fence with his owne ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands: if hee would deſpiſe me, *I* would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnes, *I* ſhall neuer requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to Fauconbridge, the young Barron of England?

Por. You know *I* ſay nothing to him, for hee vnderſtands not me, nor *I* him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor *I*talian, & you will come into the Court and ſweare that *I* haue a poore penny-

 worth

worth in the Engliſh: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerſe with a dumbe ſhow? how odly hee is ſuted, *I* thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hoſe in Fraunce, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behauiour euery where.

Nerriſſa. What thinke you of the Scottiſh Lorde his neighbour?

Portia. That hee hath a neyghbourlie charitie in him, for hee borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Engliſhman, and ſwore hee would pay him againe when he was able: *I* think the Frenchman became his ſuretie, and ſeald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies nephew?

Por. Very vildlie in the morning when hee is ſober, and moſt vildly in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, & when he is worſt he is little better then a beaſt; and the worſt fall that euer fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. Yf hee ſhoulde offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Portia. Therefore for feare of the worſt, *I* pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reyniſhe vvine on the contrarie Casket, for if the deuill be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will chooſe it. I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa*, ere *I* will be married to a ſpunge.

ile

Nerriſſa. You needе not feare Ladie, the hauing anie of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with theyr determinations, which is indeede to returne to theyr home, and to trouble you with no more ſute, vnleſſe you may be wonne by ſome other ſort thē your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. Yf I liue to be as old as Sibilla, *I* will die as chaſt as Diana, vnleſſe I be obtained by the manēr of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but *I* doate on his very abſence; & *I* pray God graunt them a faire departure.

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Nerriſſa. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Venetian a Scholler & a Souldiour that came hether in companie of the Marqueſſe of Mountferrat?

Portia.

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I thinke ſo was he calld. he was ſo

Ner. True maddam, hee of all the men that euer my fooliſh eyes look'd vpon, was the beſt deſeruing a faire Ladie.

Portia. *I* remember him well, and *I* remember him worthie of thy prayſe.

How nowe, vvhat newes?

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure ſtrangers ſeeke for you maddam, to take theyr leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maiſter will be heere to night.

Por. Yf *I* could bid the fift welcome with ſo good hart as *I* can bid the other foure farewell, *I* ſhould bee glad of his approch: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a deuill, I had rather he ſhould ſhriue mee then wiue mee. Come *Nerriſſa*, ſirra goe before: whiles we ſhut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.* a heart

Enter *Baſſanio* with *Shylocke* the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducates, well.

Baſſ. *I* ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baſſ. For the which as I told you,
Anthonio ſhalbe bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſted me? Will you pleaſure me?
Shall *I* know your anſwere?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months,
and *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwere to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shylocke. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying hee is a good man, is to haue you vnderſtand mee, that hee is ſufficient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition: hee hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderſtand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, hee hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,

 and

and other ventures he hath ſquandred abroade, but ſhips are but boordes, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, *I* meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithſtanding ſufficient, three thouſand ducats, *I* thinke *I* may take his bond.

Baſ. Be aſſured you may.

Iew. *I* will be aſſured *I* may: and that *I* may bee aſſured, *I* will bethinke mee, may *I* ſpeake with *Anthonio*?

Baſſ. Yf it pleaſe you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to ſmell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the deuill into: *I* wil buy with you, ſell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and ſo following: but *I* will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter *Anthonio.*

Baſſ. This is ſignior *Anthonio.*

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vſance heere with vs in Venice.
Yf *I* can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the auncient grudge *I* beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he rayles
Euen there where Merchants moſt doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
vvhich hee calls intereſt: Curſed be my Trybe
if *I* forgiue him.

Baſſ. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shyl. *I* am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere geſſe of my memorie
I cannot inſtantly raiſe vp the groſſe
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that,
Tuball, a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good ſignior,
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouthes.

An. *Shylocke*, albeit *I* neither lend nor borrow, although
By taking nor by giuing of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
*I*le breake a cuſtome: is hee yet poſſeſt are you resolv'd,
How much ye would? he would have?

1 folio. as this edit

Shy. *I*, *I*, three thouſand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shyl. *I* had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me-thoughts you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. *I* doe neuer vſe it.

Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poſſeſſer; *I*, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interreſt?

Shyl. No, not take intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly intereſt, marke what *Iacob* did,
VVhen *Laban* and himſelfe were compremyzd,
That all the eanelings which were ſtreakt and pied,
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being ranck,
th' In end of Autume turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene theſe wolly breeders in the act,
The skilful ſhepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the doing of the deede of kind,
He ſtuck them vp before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-coulour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Iacobs.*
This was a way to thriue, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is bleſſing if men ſteale it not.

An. This was a venture ſir, that *Iacob* ſerud for, ser'u'd
A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,
But ſwayd and faſhion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inſerted to make interreſt good?
Or is your gold and ſiluer, ewes and rammes?

Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breede as faſt,
but note me ſignior.
Anth. Marke you this *Baſſanio*,
The deuill can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An euill ſoule producing holy witnes
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the hart.
O what a goodly out-ſide falſhood hath.
Shy. Three thouſand ducats, tis a good round ſumme.
Three months from twelue, then let me ſee the rate.
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?
Shyl. Signior *Anthonio*, manie a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my moneyes and my vſances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all our Trybe)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And ſpet vpon my Iewiſh gaberdine,
And all for vſe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you ſay ſo:
You that did voyde your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Ouer your threſhold, moneyes is your ſute.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A curre can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whiſpring humblenesse
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on Wedneſday laſt,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day another time,
You calld me dogge: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.
Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee to.
Yf thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends, for when did friendſhip take
A breede for barraine mettaile of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penaltie.
Shy. Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the ſhames that you haue ſtaind me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doyte
Of vſance for my moneyes, and youle not heare mee,
this is kinde I offer.
Baſſ. This were kindneſſe.
Shyl. This kindneſſe will I ſhowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merrie ſport
if you repay me not on ſuch a day
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſumme or ſummes as are
expreſt in the condition, let the forfaite
be nominated for an equall pound
of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
in what part of your bodie pleaſeth me.
Ant. Content in faith, yle ſeale to ſuch a bond,
and ſay there is much kindneſſe in the Iew.
Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.
Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
within theſe two months, thats a month before
this bond expires, I doe expect returne
of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
the thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
if he ſhould breake his day, what ſhould I gaine
by the exaction of the forfeyture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
As ſo as fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I ſay,

To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
Yfhe wil take it, ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue, I pray you wrong me not.
An. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite,
See to my houſe, left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue; and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
An. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſa. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
An. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Enter *Morochus* a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with *Portia*, *Nerriſſa*, and their traine.

Morocho. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayreſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Portia. In termes of choyſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtinie
Barrs me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,

vvith ouer-wetherd ribbs and ragged ſailes,
leane, rent, and beggerd by the ſtrumpet wind?
Enter *Lorenzo*.
Sal. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet freends, your patience for my long abode
not I, but my affaires haue made you waite:
vvhen you ſhall pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch
here dwels my father Iew. Howe whoſe within?
Ieſſica aboue.
Ieſſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile ſweare that I doe know your tongue.
Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.
Ieſſica. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
for who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes
but you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art.
Ieſ. Heere catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
for I am much aſhamde of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelues commit,
for if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh
to ſee me thus tranſformed to a boy.
Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.
Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames,
they in themſelues goodſooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of diſcouery loue,
and I ſhould be obſcurd.
Lor. So are you ſweet,
euen in the louely garniſh of a boy, but come at once,
for the cloſe night doth play the runaway,
and we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanios* feaſt.
Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores, & guild my ſelfe
with ſome mo ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
Gra. Now by my hoode, a gentle, and no Iew.
Lor. Beſhrow me but I loue her hartilie,

For ſhe is wiſe, if *I* can iudge of her,
and faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
and true ſhe is, as ſhe hath proou'd herſelfe:
And therefore like herſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
ſhall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule. Enter *Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come? on gentleman, away,
our masking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit.*
Enter *Anthonio.*

An. VVhoſe there?
Gra. Signior *Anthonio?*
Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe aboord.
I haue ſent twentie out to ſeeke for you.
Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight
then to be vnderſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*
Enter *Portia* with *Morrocho* and both
theyr traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the curtaines, and diſcouer
the ſeuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.
Mor. This firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if *I* doe chooſe the right?
Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
if you chooſe that, then *I* am yours withall.
Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay th'inſcriptions, back againe,
What ſaies this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath,
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all,

doe

doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſayes the ſiluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhal get as much as he deſerues.
As much as he deſerues, pauſe there *Morocho,*
and weigh thy valew with an euen hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation,
thou dooſt deſerue enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deſeruing,
vvere but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as *I* deſerue, why thats the Ladie.
I doe in birth deſerue her, and in fortunes,
in graces, and in qualities of breeding:
but more then theſe, in loue *I* doe deſerue,
vvhat if *I* ſtraid no farther, but choſe heere?
Lets ſee once more this ſaying grau'd in gold:
Who chooſeth me ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why thats the Ladie, all the world deſires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
to kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deſerts, and the vaſtie wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
for Princes to come view faire *Portia.*
The waterie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come
as o're a brooke to ſee faire *Portia.*
One of theſe three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that leade containes her, twere damnation
to thinke ſo baſe a thought, it were too groſſe
to ribb her ſerecloth in the obſcure graue,
Or ſhall I thinke in ſiluer ſhee's immur'd,
beeing tenne times vndervalewed to tride gold,
O ſinful thought, neuer ſo rich a *Iem*
vvas ſet in worſe then gold. They haue in England

A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
ſtampt in gold, but thats inſculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
lies all vvithin. Deliuer me the key:
heere doe I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.
Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there,
then I am yours?
Mor. O hell! what haue wee heare, a carrion death,
vvithin whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule,
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold,
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your anſwere had not beene inſcrold,
Fareyouwell, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a hart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loofers part. *Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Salarino* and *Solanio.*

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
vvith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
and in theyr ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sola. The villaine Iew with outcries raiſd the Duke,
vvho went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.
Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderſtand
that in a Gondylo were ſeene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieſſica.* amorous
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke,
they were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.

B 1

Sol. I neuer heard a paſsion ſo confuſd, confused,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable,
as the dogge Iew did vtter in the ſtreets,
My daughter, ô my ducats, ô my daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my Chriſtian ducats.
Iuſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter,
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
of double ducats, ſtolne from me by my daughter,
and Iewels, two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stolne by my daughter: iuſtice, find the girle,
ſhee hath the ſtones vpon her, and the ducats.
Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Sola. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day,
or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry well remembred.
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday,
vvho told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
the French and Engliſh, there miſcaried
a veſſell of our country richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
and wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.
Sol. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare,
Yet doe not ſuddainely, for it may greeue him.
Sal. A kinder gentleman treades not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeede
of his returne: he aunſwered, doe not ſo,
ſlumber not buſines for my ſake *Baſſanio,* Slubber
but ſtay the very riping of the time,
and for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,
let it not enter in your minde of loue:
be merry, and imploy your cheefeſt thoughts
to courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſtents of loue,
as ſhall conueniently become you there,
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
and with affection wondrous ſencible,

He

He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.
Sol. I thinke hee onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out,
and quicken his embraced heauinesse,
vvith some delight or other.
Sal. Do we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
and comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arragon*, his trayne, and *Portia*.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
yf you choose that wherein I am containd,
straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
but if you faile, without more speech my Lord
you must be gone from hence immediatly.
Arra. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things,
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
vvhich casket twas I chose; next, if I faile
of the right casket, neuer in my life
to woe a maide in way of marriage:
lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.
Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare,
that comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.
Arr. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my harts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
by the foole-multitude that choose by show,
not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
which pries not to thinteriour, but like the Martlet, builds
th' interiour;

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
And well sayde too; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
vvithout the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vndeserued dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
vvere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
vvere purchast by the merrit of the wearer, purchac'd
How many then should couer, that stand bare?
How many be commaunded, that commaund?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned peeantry
From the true seede of honour? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaft and ruin of the times, chaffe
To be new varnist; well, but to my choise, vernish'd?
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.
Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.
Arrag. What's heere, the pourtrait of a blinking idiot, Ideot
Presenting me a schedule, I will reade it; sedule?
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes, and my deseruings.
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues?
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Portia. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Arrag. What is heere?
The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudement is,

That did neuer choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kis,
Such haue but a shadowes blis:
There be fooles aliue Iwis *I wis,*
Siluerd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Arrag. Still more foole I shall appeare,
By the time I linger heere,
With one fooles head *I* came to woo, *woe,*
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.
Portia. Thus hath the candle singd the moath: *sndg'd*
O these deliberate fooles, when they doe choose,
their They haue the wisedome, by their wit to loose.
Nerriss. The auncient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.
Portia. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?
Portia. Heere, what would my Lord?
Mess. Madame, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, (besides commends and curtious breath) *courteous*
Gifts of rich valiew; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete,
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.
Portia. No more I pray thee, *I* am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praysing him:

Come

Come come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupids* Post that comes so mannerly.
Nerryss. *Bassanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?
Salari. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word. *gossips*
Solanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; ô that *I* had a tytle good enough to keepe his name company.
Salari. Come, the full stop.
Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.
Salari. *I* would it might proue the end of his losses.
Solanio. Let me say amen betimes, least the deuil crosse my prair, for heere he comes in the likenes of a *Iewe*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants? *Enter Shylocke.*
Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.
Salari. Thats certaine, *I* for my part knew the Taylor that made the wings she flew withall.
Solan. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fidge, *fledg'd,* and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.
Shy. She is damnd for it.
Salari. Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Iudge.
Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.
Sola. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.
Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.
Salari. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie: more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red vvine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare, whether *Anthonio* haue had any losse at sea or no?

 Shy. There

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhewe his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vſd to come ſo ſmug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me vſurer, let him looke to his bond; hee was wont to lende money for a Chriſtian curſie, let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am ſure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his fleſh, what's that good for?

Shyl. To baite fiſh withall; if it will feede nothing elſe, it will feede my reuenge; hee hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reaſon, I am a Iewe: Hath not a Iewe eyes, hath not a Iewe hands, organs, dementions, ſences, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame foode, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubiect to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Sommer, as a Chriſtian is? if you pricke vs, doe we not bleede, if you tickle vs, doe wee not laugh, if you poyſon vs, doe wee not die, and if you wrong vs, ſhall wee not reuenge, if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Iewe wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humillity, reuenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a Iewe, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall goe hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maiſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeake with you both.

Saleri. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Heere comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnleſſe the deuill himſelfe turne Iewe. *Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Tuball.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genowa, haſt thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone coſt me two thouſand ducats in Franckford, the curſe neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till nowe, two thouſand ducats in that, & other precious precious iewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: would ſhe were hearſt at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin: no newes of them, why ſo? and I know not whats ſpent in the ſearch: why thou loſſe vpon loſſe, the theefe gone with ſo much, and ſo much to finde the theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke ſtirring but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighs but a my breathing, no teares but a my ſhedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill lucke to, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that eſcaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genowa.

Tuball. Your daughter ſpent in Genowa, as I heard, one night foureſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtickſt a dagger in me, I ſhall neuer ſee my gold againe; foure ſcore ducats at a ſitting, foure ſcore ducats.

Tuball. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that ſweare he cannot chooſe but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them ſhewed mee a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out vpon her; thou tortureſt mee *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a Wildernes of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; goe *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, beſpeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the hart of him if he forfeite, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Synagogue, goe good

Tuball, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traynes.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
Theres something tells me (but it is not loue)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallity;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere some moneth or two
before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me, and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say; but if mine then yours,
And so all yours; ô these naughty times
puts barres betweene the owners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours, (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To ech it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
vvhat treason there is mingled with your loue.

Bass. None but that vgly treason of mistrust,
vvhich makes me feare th'inioying of my Loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you speake vpon the racke,
vvhere men enforced doe speake any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Portia. Well then, confesse and liue.

Bass. Confesse and loue,
had beene the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
doth teach me answeres for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerryssa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musique sound while he doth make his choyse,
Then if he loose, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
may stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
and watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique then? Then musique is
euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
to a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
vvith no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy,
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian vviues:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much much more dismay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himselfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the hart, or in the head,?
How begot, how nourished?
Replie, replie.

It is engendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*
Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues,
The world is ſtill deceau'd with ornament.
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill. In religion
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
vvill bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe hărts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
vvho inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
vvhich therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
vvhich maketh ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
Vpon ſuppoſed faireneſs, often knowne
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee, foole

Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
vvhich rather threatenſt then doſt promiſe ought,
thy palenes moues me more then eloquence,
and heere chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd deſpaire,
And ſhyddring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe, range
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
for feare *I* ſurfeit.
Baſ. What finde I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eyes?
Or whither riding on the balls of mine ball's
ſeeme they in motion? Heere are ſeuerd lips
parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
ſhould ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: heere in her haires
the Paynter playes the Spyder, and hath wouen
a golden meſh tyntrap the hărts of men t'intrap
faſter then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes,
how could he ſee to doe them? hauing made one,
me-thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his,
and leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
the ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
in vnderpryſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
doth limpe behind the ſubſtance. Heeres the ſcroule,
the continent and ſummarie of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view,
Chaunce as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſd with this,
and hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kis. kiſſe

A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receaue;
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhoute,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
vvhether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no. pearles
So thrice faire Lady, ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
ſuch as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
to wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twentie times my ſelfe,
a thouſand times more faire, tenne thouſand times
more rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
exceede account: but the full ſumme of me
is ſum̃e of ſomething; which to terme in groſſe,
is an vnleſſond girle, vnſchoold, vnpractized,
happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
but ſhe may learne: happier then this,
ſhee is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed, 8
as from her Lord, her gouernour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
of this faire manſion, maiſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe: and euen now, but now,
this houſe, theſe ſeruaunts, and this ſame my ſelfe
are yours, my Lords, I giue them with this ring, Lord,
vvhich when you part from, loſe, or giue away,
let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
and be my vantage to exclaime on you.
Baſſ. Madam, you haue bereft me of all words,

onely

onely my blood ſpeakes to you in my vaines, veines
and there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
as after ſome oration fairely ſpoke
by a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
among the buzzing pleaſed multitude.
Where euery ſomthing beeing blent together,
turnes to a wild of nothing, ſaue of ioy
expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
ô then be bold to ſay *Baſſanios* dead. is
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
that haue ſtoode by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
to cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
for I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
and when your honours meane to ſolemnize
the bargaine of your fayth: I doe beſeech you
euen at that time I may be married to.
Baſſ. With all my hart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you haue got me one,
My eyes my Lord, can looke as ſwift as yours:
you ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the mayd:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my lord then you;
your fortune ſtood vpon the caskets there,
and ſo did mine to as the matter falls: too,
for wooing heere vntill I ſwet againe,
and ſwearing till my very rough was dry
with oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt
I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
to haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
atchiu̅'d her miſtres.
Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*?
Ner. Maddam it is, ſo you ſtand pleaſd withall.
Baſſ. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good fayth?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shalbe much honored in your mariage.
Gra. Wele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What, and stake downe?
Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
vvhat, and my old Venecian friend, *Salerio*?

Enter *Lorenzo, Iessica*, and *Salerio* a messenger from Venice.

Bassa. Lorenzo and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
if that the youth of my newe intrest heere
haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honour, for my part my Lord
my purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
but meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
he did intreate me past all saying nay,
to come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
and I haue reason for it, Signior *Anthonio*
commends him to you.
Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in mind,
nor well, vnlesse in mind: his letter there
vvill show you his estate. *open the letter.* He opens
Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio*?
I know he will be glad of our succesſe,
We are the *Iasons*, we haue wone the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrowd contents in yond same paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanios* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
could turne so much the constitution

of

of any constant man: what worse and worse?
With leaue *Bassanio*, I am halfe your selfe,
and I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
that this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweete *Portia*,
heere are a few of the vnpleasant'st words
that euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
when I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
ranne in my vaines, I was a gentleman,
and then *I* told you true: and yet deere Lady,
rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
how much *I* was a Braggart, when I told you
my state was nothing, I should then haue told you
that *I* was worse then nothing; for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
to feede my meanes. Heere is a letter Lady,
the paper as the body of my friend,
and euery word in it a gaping wound,
issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*?
hath all his ventures faild? what, not one hit,
from Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
from Lisbon, Barbary, and *I*ndia,
and not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
the present money to discharge the Iew,
hee would not take it: neuer did *I* know
a creature that did beare the shape of man,
so keene and greedie to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
and doth impeach the freedome of the state
if they deny him iustice. Twentie Merchants,
the Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,

but

but none can driue him from the enuious plea
of forfaiture, of iuſtice, and his bond.
Ieſſ. When I was with him, I haue heard him ſweare
to *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his country-men,
that he would rather haue *Anthonios* fleſh
then twentie times the value of the ſumme
that he did owe him: and I know my lord,
if law, authoritie, and power denie not,
it will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.
Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?
Baſſ. The deereſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
the beſt conditiond and vnwearied ſpirit
in dooing curteſies: and one in whom
the auncient Romaine honour more appeares
then any that drawes breath in *Italie*.
Por. What ſumme owes he the Iew?
Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.
Por. What no more, pay him ſix thouſand, & deface the bond:
double ſixe thouſand, and then treble that,
before a friend of this diſcription
ſhall loſe a haire through *Baſſanios* fault.
Firſt goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
and then away to Venice to your friend:
for neuer ſhall you lie by *Portias* ſide
vvith an vnquiet ſoule. You ſhall haue gold
to pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
my mayd *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelfe meane time
vvill liue as maydes and widdowes; come away,
for you ſhall hence vpon your wedding day:
bid your freends welcome, ſhow a merry cheere,
ſince you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, *my ſhips haue all miſcaried, my Creditors growe cruell, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Iewe is forfaite, and ſince in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould liue, all debts are cleerd betweene you and*

and I if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, vſe your pleaſure; if your loue do not perſwade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O loue! diſpatch all buſines and be gone.
Baſſ. Since *I* haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haſt; but till I come againe,
no bed ſhall ere be guiltie of my ſtay,
nor reſt be interpoſer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the *Iew*, and *Salerio*, and *Anthonio*, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercie,
this is the foole that lent out money gratis.
Iaylor, looke to him.
Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylock*.
Iew. Ile haue my bond, ſpeake not againſt my bond,
I haue ſworne an oath, that I will haue my bond:
thou call'dſt me dogge before thou hadſt a cauſe,
but ſince I am a dog, beware my phanges,
the Duke ſhall graunt me iuſtice; *I* do wonder
thou naughtie Iaylor that thou art ſo fond
to come abroade with him at his requeſt.
An. I pray thee heare me ſpeake.
Iew. Ile haue my bond; I will not heare thee ſpeake;
Ile haue my bond, and therefore ſpeake no more.
Ile not be made a ſoft and dull eyde foole,
to ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yeeld
to chriſtian interceſſers: follow not,
Ile haue no ſpeaking, *I* will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the moſt impenitrable curre
that euer kept with men.
An. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers.

hee

hee seekes my life, his reason well *I* know;
I oft deliuerd from his forfeytures
many that haue at times made mone to me,
therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfaiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot denie the course of law:
for the commoditie that strangers haue
vvith vs in Venice, if it be denyed,
will much impeach the iustice of the state, *his*
since that the trade and profit of the citty
consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
these griefes and losses haue so bated me,
that *I* shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
to morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Well Jaylor on, pray God *Bassanio* come
to see me pay his debt, and then *I* care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica,* and a man of *Portias.*

Lor. Maddam, although I speake it in your presence,
you haue a noble and a true conceite
of god-like amitie, which appeares most strongly,
in bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
how true a gentleman you send releefe,
how deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke,
then customarie bountie can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for dooing good,
nor shall not now: for in companions
that doe conuerse and wast the time together,
vvhose soules doe beare an egall yoke of loue, *equal*
there must be needes a like proportion
of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
vvhich makes me thinke, that this *Anthonio*
(beeing the bosome louer of my Lord,)
must needes be like my Lord. If it be so,

how

How little is the cost I haue bestowed
in purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty, *misary.*
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenso I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne: for mine owne part,
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vowe,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband, and my Lords returne,
There is a Monastry two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you, *will we*
not to denie this imposition,
the which my loue, and some necessity
now layes vpon you.

Lorens. Madame, with all my hart,
I shall obey you in all faire commaunds.

Por. My people doe already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica,*
in place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy houres attend on you.

Iessi. *I* wish your Ladiship all harts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleasd
farewell to wish it back on you: far you well *Iessica.* *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaser*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
and vse thou all th'indeuour of a man,
In speede to Mantua, see thou render this
Cosins into my cosin hands, Doctor *Belario,*
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
bring them *I* pray thee with imagin'd speede
vnto the Traiect, to the common Ferrie
vvhich trades to Venice; vvast no time in words,
but get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Baltha. Madam, I goe with all conuenient ſpeede.

Portia Come on *Nerriſſa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weele ſee our husbands
before they thinke of vs?

Nerriſſa. Shall they ſee vs?

Portia. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habite,
that they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
vvith that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager,
vvhen we are both accoutered like young men, apparelled
ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
and ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
vvith a reede voyce, and turne two minſing ſteps
into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
how honorable Ladies ſought my loue,
vvhich I denying, they fell ſicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then ile repent,
and wiſh for all that, that I had not killd them;
And twenty of theſe punie lies ile tell,
that men ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole
aboue a twelue-moneth: I haue within my minde
a thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Iacks,
vvhich I will practiſe.

Nerriſſ. Why, ſhall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
if thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my my whole deuice
vvhen I am in my coach, which ſtayes for vs
at the Parke gate; and therefore haſt away,
for we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clowne. Yes truly, for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good chere, for truly I thinke you are damnd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that

that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

Ieſſica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowne. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Ieſſica. That were a kind of baſtard hope indeede, ſo the ſinnes of my mother ſhould be viſited vpon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damnd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Caribdis* your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Ieſſica. I ſhall be ſau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Chriſtian?

Clowne. Truly the more to blame he; we were Chriſtians enow before, in as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of Hogs, if we grow all to be pork eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly haue a raſher on the coles for mony. one

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieſſi. Ile tell my husband *Launcelet* what you ſay, here he come?

Loren. I ſhall grow iealious of you ſhortly *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ieſſica. Nay, you needs not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there's no mercy for mee in heauen, becauſe I am a Iewes daughter: and he ſayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of porke.

Loren. I ſhall anſwere that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly; the Moore is with child by you *Launcelet*? 's

Clowne. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in ſirra, bid them prepare for dinner.

Clowne. That is done ſir, they haue all ſtomacks? Then

Loren. Goodly Lord what a wit ſnapper are you, than bid them prepare dinner?

Clowne. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word.
Loren. Will you couer than sir?
Clowne. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.
Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.
Clowne. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meate sir, it shall be couerd, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceites shall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*
Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memorie
an Armie of good words, and I doe know
a many fooles that stand in better place,
garnisht like him, that for a trickshie word
defie the matter: how cherst thou *Iessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How doost thou like the Lord *Bassanios* wife?
Iessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete
the Lord *Bassanio* liue an vpright life,
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
he findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
in reason he should neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two Gods should play some heauenly match,
and on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there must be something else
paund with the other; for the poore rude world
hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen such a husband
hast thou of me, as she is for wife.
Iessi. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?
Loren. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?
Iessi. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomack?
Loren. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how so mere thou speakst mong other things,
I shall disgest it?

Iessi. Well, ile set you forth. *Exit.*
Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.
Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?
Antho. Ready, so please your grace?
Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere
a stonie aduersarie, an inhumaine wretch,
vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
from any dram of mercie.
Antho. I haue heard
your grace hath tane great paines to quallifie
his rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
out of his enuies reach, I doe oppose,
my patience to his furie, and am armd
to suffer with a quietnes of spirit,
the very tiranny and rage of his.
Duke. Goe one and call the Iew into the Court.
Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.
Enter Shylocke.
Duke. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke so to,
that thou but leadest this fashion of thy mallice
to the last houre of act, and then tis thought
thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
and where thou now exacts the penalty,
(vvhich is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,)
thou wilt not onely loose the forfaiture,
but toucht with humaine gentlenes and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
glauncing an eye of pitty on his losses
that haue of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
And pluck commiseration of this states
from brassie bosomes, and rough harts of flints,
from stubborne Turkes, and Tartars neuer traind

to offices of tender curteſie;
We all expect a gentle anſwere Iewe?
Iewe. I haue poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
and by our holy Sabaoth haue I ſworne
to haue the due and forfet of my bond,
if you deny it, let the danger light
vpon your charter and your Cities freedome?
Youle aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
a weight of carrion fleſh, then to receaue
three thouſand ducats: Ile not anſwer that?
But ſay it is my humour, is it anſwerd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
and I be pleaſd to giue ten thouſand ducats
to haue it baind? vvhat, are you anſwerd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pigge?
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat?
And others when the bagpipe ſings ith noſe,
cannot containe their vrine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the moode
of what it likes or loathes; now for your anſwere.
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred,
vvhy he cannot abide a gaping pigge?
vvhy he a harmeleſſe neceſſarie Cat?
vvhy he a woollen bagpipe; but of force
muſt yeeld to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
as to offend, himſelfe being offended:
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
more then a lodgd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that *I* follow thus
a loſing ſute againſt him? are you anſwered?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou vnfeeling man,
to excuſe the current of thy cruelty?
Iewe. *I* am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers?
Baſſ. Doe all men kill the things they doe not loue?
Iewe. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Euery offence is not a hate at firſt?
Iewe. What wouldſt thou haue a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Antho.

Anth. *I* pray you think you queſtion with the *Iewe*,
you may as well goe ſtand vpon the Beach,
and bid the maine flood bate his vſuall height,
you may as vvell vſe queſtion with the Woolfe,
vvhy he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
to wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe
vvhen they are fretten with the guſts of heauen:
You may as well doe any thing moſt hard,
as ſeeke to ſoften that, then which what's harder:
his *Iewiſh* hart? therefore *I* doe beſeech you
make no moe offers, vſe no farther meanes,
but with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
let me haue iudgement, and the *Iewe* his will?
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats heere is ſixe?
Iewe. If euery ducat in ſixe thouſand ducats
vvere in ſixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, *I* would haue my bond?
Duk. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?
Iewe. What iudgment ſhall *I* dread, doing no wrong?
you haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
vvhich like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
you vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
becauſe you bought them, ſhall *I* ſay to you,
let them be free, marry them to your heires?
vvhy ſweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
be ſeaſond with ſuch viands; you will anſwer,
the ſlaues are ours, ſo doe *I* anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh which *I* demaund of him,
is deerely bought, as mine and *I* will haue it:
if you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
there is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for iudgement, anſwer, ſhall I haue it?
Duke. Vpon my power *I* may diſmiſſe this Court,
vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
whom *I* haue ſent for to determine this,

Come

Come heere to day?

Salerio. My Lord, heere ſtayes without,
a meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
new come from Padua?

Duke. Bring vs the letters? call the Meſſenger?

Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*? what man, courage yet:
The Iew ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,
ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood?

Antho. I am a tainted vweather of the flocke,
meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kind of fruite
drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Baſſanio*,
then to liue ſtill and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerriſſa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both? my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace?

Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Iewe. To cut the forfaiture from that bankrout there?

Gratia. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no mettell can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keeneneſſe
of thy ſharpe enuie: can no prayers pearce thee?

Iewe. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gratia. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accuſd;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith,
to hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
that ſoules of Animalls infuſe themſelues
into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humaine ſlaughter,
euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleete,
and whileſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam;
infuſd it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
are vvoluiſh, bloody, ſtaru'd, and rauenous.

Iewe. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond,
Thou but offendſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

to cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
a young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
to know your anſwer, whether youle admit him.

Duke. With all my hart: ſome three or foure of you
goe giue him curteous conduct to this place,
meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarios* letter.

Your Grace ſhall vnderſtand, that at the receit of your letter I am very ſicke; but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in louing viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthazer*: I acquainted him with the cauſe in cõtrouerſie between the *Iew* and *Anthonio* the Merchant; wee turn'd ore many bookes together, hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettered vvith his owne learning, the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you let his lacke of yeeres be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation, for I neuer knew ſo young a body with ſo olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe tryall ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter *Portia* for *Balthazer*.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
and heere I take it is the doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?

Portia. I did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
are you acquainted with the difference
that holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cauſe,
vvhich is the Merchant here? and which the Iew?

Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law

 cannot

cannot impugne you as you doe proceed. impunge
You ſtand within his danger, doe you not. ?

An. I, ſo he ſayes.

Por. Doe you confeſſe the bond?

An. I doe.

Por. Then muſt the Iew be mercifull.

Shy. On what compulſion muſt I, tell me that.

Por. The qualitie of mercie is not ſtrain'd,
it droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
vpon the place beneath: it is twiſe bleſt, twice
it bleſſeth him that giues, and him that takes,
tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
the throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His ſcepter ſhowes the force of temporall power,
the attribute to awe and maieſtie,
vvherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
but mercie is aboue this ſceptred ſway,
it is enthroned in the harts of Kings,
it is an attribute to God himſelfe;
and earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt gods,
vvhen mercie ſeaſons iuſtice: therefore Iew,
though iuſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
that in the courſe of iuſtice, none of vs
ſhould ſee ſaluation: vve doe pray for mercy,
and that ſame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
the deedes of mercie. I haue ſpoke thus much
to mittigate the iuſtice of thy plea,
vvhich if thou follow, this ſtrict Court of Venice
muſt needes giue ſentence gainſt the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the law,
the penalty and forfaite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

Baſſ. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
yea, twiſe the ſumme, if that will not ſuffiſe, Suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
on forfait of my hands, my head, my hart,
if this will not ſuffiſe, it muſt appeare

that

that malice beares downe truth. And I beſeech you
wreſt once the law to your authoritie,
to doe a great right, doe a little wrong,
and curbe this cruell deuill of his will. Dwell

Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
can altar a decree eſtabliſhed: alter
twill be recorded for a precedent,
and many an errour by the ſame example,
will ruſh into the ſtate, it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniell come to iudgement: yea a Daniell.
O wiſe young Iudge, how I doe honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

Shy. Heere tis moſt reuerend doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylocke* there's thrice thy money offred thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
ſhall I lay periurie vpon my ſoule?
Not not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfait,
and lawfully by this the Iew may claime
a pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
neereſt the Merchants hart: be mercifull,
take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Shy. When it is payd, according to the tenure. tenour.
It doth appeare you are a worthy iudge,
you know the law, your expoſition
hath beene moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
vvhereof you are a well deſeruing piller,
proceede to iudgement: by my ſoule I ſweare,
there is no power in the tongue of man
to alter me, I ſtay here on my Bond,

An. Moſt heartelie I doe beſeech the Court
to giue the iudgement.

Por. Why than thus it is, Then
you muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.

Shy. O noble Iudge, ô excellent young man.

Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
hath full relation to the penaltie,

vvhich heere appeareth due vpon the bond.
Iew. Tis very true: ô wise and vpright Iudge,
how much more elder art thou then thy lookes.
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.
Iew. I, his breast,
so sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neerest his hart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?
Iew. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by some Surgion *Shylocke* on your charge,
to stop his wounds, least he doe bleede to death.
Iew. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expresst, but what of that?
Twere good you doe so much for charitie.
Iew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.
Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to say?
Ant. But little; *I* am armd and well prepard,
giue me your hand *Bassanio*, far you well,
greeue not that *I* am falne to this for you:
for heerein Fortune showes her selfe more kind
then is her custome: it is still her vse
to let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
to view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow
an age of pouertie: from which lingring pennance
of such misery doth she cut me of. off.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
tell her the processe of *Anthonios* end,
say how I lou'd you, speake me faire in death:
and when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
vvhether *Bassanio* had not once a loue:
Repent but you that you shall loose your friend,
and he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the *Iew* doe cut but deepe enough,
*I*le pay it instantly with all my hart.
Bass. *Anthonio*, *I* am married to a wife,
which is as deere to me as life it selfe, Deare
but life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,

are

are not with me esteem'd aboue thy life:
I would loose all, I sacrifize them all
heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.
Por. Your wife would giue you little thankes for that
if she were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I haue a wife, who *I* protest *I* loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
E intreate some power to change this currish Iew.
Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
the wish would make else an vnquiet house.
Iew. These be the christian husbands, *I* haue a daughter
vvould any of the stocke of Barrabas
had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, *I* pray thee pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
the Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
Iew. Most rightfull Iudge.
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
the law alowes it, and the court awards it. allowes
Iew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is some thing else,
this bond doth giue thee heere no iote of blood,
the words expresly are a pound of flesh:
take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
but in the cutting it, if thou doost shed
one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
are by the lawes of Venice confiscate
vnto the state of Venice.
Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, ô learned Iudge.
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
for as thou vrgest iustice, be assurd
thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirst.
Gra. O learned iudge, mark Iew, a learned iudge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice
and let the Christian goe.

Bass. Heere is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew shal haue all iustice, soft no hast,
he shall haue nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut of the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more,
but iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
or lesse then a iust pound, be it but so much
as makes it light or heauy in the substance,
or the deuision of the twentith part
of one poore scruple; nay if the scale doe turne
but in the estimation of a hayre,
thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniell, a Daniell Iew,
now infidell I haue you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfaiture.
Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.
Bass. I haue it ready for thee, here it is.
Por. Hee hath refusd it in the open Court,
hee shall haue meerely iustice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniell still say I, a second Daniell,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfaiture,
to be so taken at thy perrill Iew.
Shy. Why then the deuill giue him good of it:
Ile stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry Iew,
the law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,
if it be proued against an alien,
that by direct, or indirect attempts,
he seeke the life of any Citizen,
the party gainst the which he doth contriue,
shall seaze one halfe his goods; the other halfe
comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
and the offenders life lies in the mercy

of the Duke onely, gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say, thou standst:
for it appeares by manifest proceeding,
that indirectly, and directly to
thou hast contriued against the very life
of the defendant: and thou hast incurd
the danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercie of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
and yet thy wealth beeing forfait to the state,
thou hast not left the value of a cord,
therefore thou must be hangd at the states charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
for halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonios*,
the other halfe comes to the generall state,
vvhich humblenes may driue vnto a fine.
Por. I for the state, not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
you take my house, when you doe take the prop
that doth sustaine my house: you take my life
vvhen you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.
Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio*?
Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Godsake.
Anth. So please my Lord the Duke, & all the Court,
to quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
the other halfe in vse, to render it
vpon his death vnto the Gentleman
that lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
he presently become a Christian:
the other, that he doe record a gift
heere in the Court, of all he dies possest
vnto his sonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.
Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
the pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deede of gift.
Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, ſend the deede after me,
and I will ſigne it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Shy. In chriſtning ſhalt thou haue two Godfathers,
had I beene iudge, thou ſhouldſt haue had ten more,
to bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*
Duke. Sir I entreate you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe deſire your Grace of pardon,
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
and it is meete I preſently ſet forth.
Duke. I am ſorry that your leyſure ſerues you not.
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
for in my mind you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend
haue by your wiſedome been this day aquitted
of grecuous penalties, in lewe whereof,
three thouſand ducats due vnto the *Iew*,
wee freely cope your curtious paines withall.
An. And ſtand indebted ouer and aboue
in loue and ſeruice to you euer-more.
Por. Hee is well payd, that is well ſatisfied,
and I deliuering you, am ſatisfied,
and therein doe account my ſelfe well payd,
my minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leaue.
Baſſ. Deere ſir, of force *I* muſt attempt you further,
take ſome remembrance of vs as a tribute,
not as fee: graunt me two things I pray you,
not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſſe me farre, and therefore *I* will yeeld,
giue mee your gloues, Ile weare them for your ſake,

and for your loue ile take this ring from you,
doe not draw back your hand, ile take no more,
and you in loue ſhall not denie me this?
Baſſ. This ring good ſir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not ſhame my ſelfe to giue you this?
Por. I will haue nothing elſe but onely this,
and now me thinks I haue a minde to it?
Baſſ. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
the deareſt ring in Venice will I giue you,
and finde it out by proclamation,
onely for this I pray you pardon me?
Por. I ſee ſir you are liberall in offers,
you taught me firſt to beg, and now me thinks
you teach me how a begger ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſſ. Good ſir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
and when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vowe,
that I ſhould neither ſell, nor giue, nor looſe it.
Por. That ſcuſe ſerues many men to ſaue their gifts,
and if your wife be not a mad woman,
and know how well I haue deſeru'd this ring,
ſhe would not hold out enemy for euer,
for giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Anth. My L. *Baſſanio*, let him haue the ring,
let his deſeruings and my loue withall,
be valued gainſt your wiues commaundement.
Baſſ. Goe *Gratiano*, runne and ouer-take him,
giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canſt
vnto *Anthonios* houſe, away, make haſt. *Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither preſently,
and in the morning early will we both
flie toward Belmont, come *Anthonio*.
Exeunt.

Enter Nerriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Iewes* houſe out, giue him this deede,
and let him ſigne it, weele away to night,
and be a day before our husbands home:
this deede will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*?
Enter

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane;
My L. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept most thankfully,
and so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, *I* would speake with you:
Ile see if *I* can get my husbands ring,
vvhich I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
that they did giue the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-sweare them too:
away, make hast, thou knowst where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
vvhen the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
and they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
vvhere *Cressed* lay that night.

Iessi. In such a night
did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and saw the Lyons shadow ere him selfe,
and ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
stoode *Dido* with a willow in her hand
vpon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Iessi. In such a night,
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
that did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night

did

did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
and with an vnthrift loue did runne from Venice,
as farre as Belmont.

Iessi. In such a night
did young *Lorenzo* sweare he loued her well,
stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
and nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
slaunder her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A friend?

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Mess. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
my Mistres will before the breake of day
be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
by holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy Hermit and her mayd:
I pray you is my Maister yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
and ceremoniously let vs prepare
some welcome for the Mistres of the house. *Enter Clowne.*

Clowne. Sola, sola: wo ha, ho sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo*, sola, sola.

Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

Clow. Tell him there's a Post come from my Maister, with his horne full of good newes, my Maister will be heere ere morning, sweete soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in?
Stephano, My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pray you
vvithin the house, your mistres is at hand,
and bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst,
but in his motion like an Angell sings,
still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
such harmonie is in immortall soules,
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay
dooth grosly close it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne, him a hymne,
vvith sweetest tutches pearce your mistres eare,
and draw her home with musique. play Musique. Musicke
Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique. playes.
Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentiue:
for, doe but note a wild and wanton heard
or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts,
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
vvhich is the hote condition of their blood,
if they but heare perchance a trumpet sound, perchance but heare
or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
you shall perceaue them make a mutuall stand,
their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
by the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet Musicke.
did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
but musique for the time doth change his nature,
the man that hath no musique in himselfe,
moov'd nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,

the

the motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Erebus*: Terebus:
let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
how farre that little candell throwes his beames, candle
so shines a good deede in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle?
Por. So dooth the greater glory dim the lesse,
a substitute shines brightly as a King,
vntill a King be by, and then his state
empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
into the maine of waters: musique, harke.
Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house?
Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam?
Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
vvhen neither is attended: and I thinke
the Nightingale if she should sing by day
vvhen euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
no better a Musition then the Renne? Wren.
How many things by season, season'd are
to their right prayse, and true perfection:
Peace, how the moone sleepes with Endimion,
and would not be awak'd.
Loren. That is the voyce,
or I am much deceau'd of *Portia*.
Por. He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cuckoe,
by the bad voyce?
Loren. Deere Lady, welcome home?
Por. We haue bin praying for our husbands welfare, husband health,
vvhich speed we hope the better for our words:
are they return'd?
Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
but there is come a Messenger before,
to signifie their comming?

Por. Goe in *Nerrissa*.
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
no note at all of our being absent hence,
nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jessica* nor you.
Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
vve are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.
Por. This night me thinks is but the day light sicke,
it lookes a little paler, tis a day,
such as the day is when the sunne is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
if you would walke in absence of the sunne.
Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
for a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
and neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,
but God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.
Bass. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend,
this is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
to whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
for as I heare, he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
it must appeare in other wayes then words,
therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.
Gra. By yonder moone I sweare you doe me wrong,
infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
vvould he were gelt that had it for my part,
since you doe take it (Loue) so much at hart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Grati. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
that she did giue me, whose posie was
for all the world like Cutlers poetry
vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the posie or the valew: value;
You swore to me when I did giue you, it

that

that you would weare it till your houre of death,
and that it should lie with you in your graue,
though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
you should haue beene respective, and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clarke: no Gods my Iudge,
the Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.
Nerrissa. I, if a woman liue to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
no higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clarke,
a prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my hart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plaine with you,
to part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
a thing stuck on with oaths vpon your finger,
and so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him sweare
neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him he would not leaue it,
nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
that the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
you giue your wife too vnkind a cause of griefe,
and twere to me I should be mad at it.
Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
and sweare I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his ring away
vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeede
deseru'd it to: and then the boy his Clarke
that tooke some paines in writing, he begd mine,
and neither man nor master would take ought
but the two rings.
Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receau'd of me. receiu'd
Bass. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por.

Por. Euen so voyd is your false hart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed,
vntill *I* see the ring?
Ner. Nor I in yours,
till I againe see mine?
Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
if you did know to whom I gaue the ring,
if you did know for whom *I* gaue the ring,
and would conceiue for what *I* gaue the ring,
and how vnwillingly I left the ring,
vvhen naught would be accepted but the ring,
you would abate the strength of your displeasure?
Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the ring,
or halfe her worthines that gaue the ring,
or your owne honour to containe the ring,
you would not then haue parted with the ring:
vvhat man is there so much vnreasonable,
if you had pleasd to haue defended it
vvith any termes of zeale: wanted the modesty
to vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeue,
ile die for't, but some woman had the ring?
Bass. No by my honour Madam, by my soule
no woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
vvhich did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
and begd the ring, the which I did denie him,
and sufferd him to goe displeasd away, away displeasd,
euen he that had held vp the very life did vphold
of my deere friend. What should *I* say sweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
my honour would not let ingratitude
so much besmere it: pardon me good Lady,
for by these blessed candels of the night, Candles
had you been there, I think you would haue begd
the ring of me to giue the worthy Doctor?
Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house, since

since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
and that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
no, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
if you doe not, if I be left alone,
now by mine honour, which is yet mine owne,
ile haue that Doctor for mine bedfellow. my bed-
Nerrissa. And I his Clark: therefore be well aduisd
how you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well doe you so: let not me take him then,
for if I do't, ile mar the young Clarks pen.
Anth. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrells.
Por. Sir, greeue not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
and in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes,
vvherein I see my selfe.
Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
and there's an oath of credite.
Bass. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
vvhich but for him that had your husbands ring,
had quite miscarried. *I* dare be bound againe,
my soule vpon the forfet, that your Lord
vvill neuer more breake faith aduisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety: giue him this,
and bid him keepe it better then the other.
Antho. Here Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keepe this ring.
Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me *Bassanio*,

for by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Nerrissa. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
for that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,
in liew of this, last night did lie with me.
Grati. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
in Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough?
What, are we cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.
Por. Speake not so grosly, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leasure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
there you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
shall witnes I set foorth as soone as you,
and euen but now return'd; *I* haue not yet
entered my house. *Anthonio*, you are welcome,
and I haue better newes in store for you
than you exspect: vnseale this letter soone,
there you shall finde three of your Argosies
are richly come to harbour sodainly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Antho. *I* am dumb?
Bass. Were you the Doctor, and *I* knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. *I*, but the Clarke that neuer meanes to doe it,
vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.
Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
vvhen *I* am absent, then lie with my wife.
An. (Sweet Lady) you haue giuen me life and lyuing;
for heere *I* reade for certaine, that my ships
are safely come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
my Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.
Ner *I*, and ile giue them him without a fee,
There doe *I* giue to you and *Iessica*
from the rich *I*ewe, a speciall deede of gift
after his death, of all he dies possest of.

Loren.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
of starued people.
Por. *It* is almost morning,
and yet *I* am sure you are not satisfied
of these euents at full. Let vs go in,
and charge vs there vpon intergotories,
and we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so, the first intergotory
that my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
vvhether till the next night she had rather stay,
or goe to bed now, being two houres to day:
But were the day come, *I* should wish it darke,
till *I* were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while *I* liue, ile feare no other thing
so sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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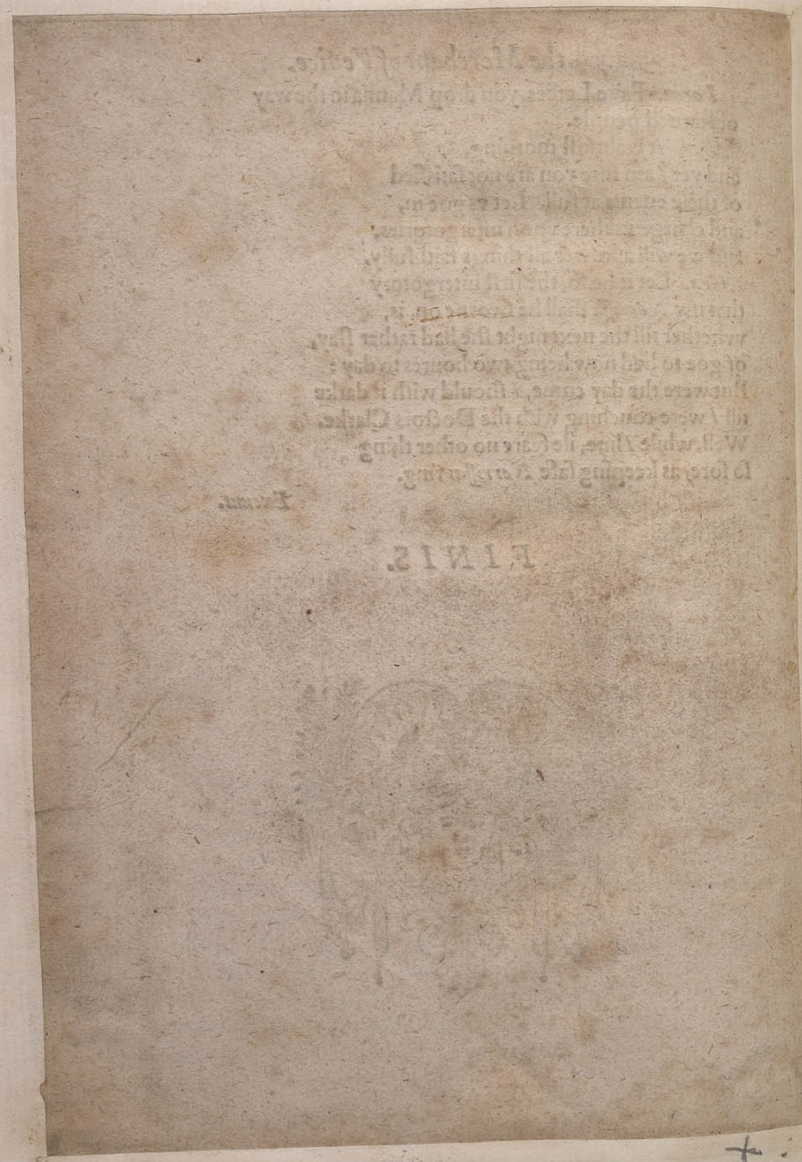

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